

# The TATLER

and

# BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXV. No. 2142

London  
July 15, 1942



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NEWSPAPER FOR  
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# THE TATLER

## and BYSTANDER

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Price:  
One Shilling and Sixpence  
Vol. CLXV. No. 2142

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



Marcus Adams

### The Sister and Niece of a Commando Hero

The Hon. Veronica Fraser married in 1940 Lieutenant Alan Phipps, R.N., second son of Sir Eric Phipps, former Ambassador in Berlin and Paris, and Lady Phipps. Mrs. Phipps is the daughter of the fourteenth Baron Lovat and of Laura, Lady Lovat, of Eileen Aigas, Beaulieu, Inverness-shire, and is a granddaughter of the late Lord Ribblesdale. Her brother, the present Lord Lovat, a Major in the Lovat Scouts, was awarded the M.C. a short time ago for gallant and distinguished services in leading the very successful combined operations raid near Boulogne in April last. Her husband, Lieutenant Phipps, is serving in destroyers and was mentioned in dispatches. They have two children: Susan Rose, with her mother in the photograph, who is thirteen months old, and a son born on June 30 this year.





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Auchinleck's Caution

ONE must admire the policy of understatement which has characterised the latest phase in the Egyptian campaign. War correspondents have been as cautious as the most non-committal staff officer. In every message they stressed the danger of optimism; and all the time General Auchinleck was climbing on Rommel's back. But the war correspondents who knew daren't forecast his success. Obviously they were obeying General Auchinleck's personal request. He didn't want to be dogged with the desert hoodoo any longer. It was all or nothing, and when this game is being played every card is valuable. For days the Battle of Egypt was a knife-edge affair. A great prize, with greater profits accruing, was almost within Rommel's grasp. General Auchinleck dashed the sweet cup from his opponent's hand. I can imagine the determination with which General Auchinleck set about this task. He has a grim jaw, and the German prisoner was right when he said that he has "eyes like Rommel." They are deep-set, thoughtful. They hide a lot of courage, as well as caution. We can afford to be generous in our praise of General Auchinleck, for he has tipped the knife edge and prevented the severance of a vital Empire cord at Suez.

## New Blood

THE Labour Party Executive did not follow the easy-going methods of the Conservative Party and allow the rebels within the party to get away with their indiscipline when they voted against the Government. Seven of them were put on the mat in front of Mr. Attlee.

the Deputy Prime Minister, and told that they must not vote against the Government on any future occasion. Mr. Attlee spoke firmly to the rebels, who did not seem to mind his reprimand. On the other hand, the equal number of Conservatives who voted against the Government got away with it, for the time being. They were given no official reprimand, but they know that the recording angel in Palace Chambers, Westminster, has put a black mark against each of their names. This may be worse punishment in the long run than the professorial preaching of Mr. Attlee.

The Conservative Party didn't come out of the debate at all well. Apart from the fact that it was one of the worst debates the House of Commons has known since the war started, the Conservative Party organisers did nothing to raise the level of discussion in defence of the Prime Minister. I should have thought that it was an opportunity to train some of the younger members of the party in their responsibilities. It would have been a comparatively easy matter to have got hold of a young member some days in advance of the debate and told him to seize every advantage to make the best possible speech for the Government and himself. Surely this is the way to train party members and infuse new blood into the life of Parliament and the Government. But the Government managers seemed to be concerned only with defensive tactics, and even in these they were not as conscientious as they should have been. It was in the Government's interest to keep the debate alive until the Prime Minister had delivered his final broadside against the critics. But what happened? In the early hours of the morning, when it was



Mr. Attlee and General McNaughton

Canadian Royal Engineers are building one of the largest airfields in Britain for the use of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Their work was inspected recently by General McNaughton, who commands the Canadian Forces in Britain, and Mr. Attlee, Deputy Prime Minister and Secretary for the Dominions

decided that the debate should be kept going until all those who wished to speak had had their say, the Government managers failed to take the necessary precautions to protect their position.

Imitating Rommel's tactics, Mr. John McGovern (having himself spoken for forty-four minutes) left his seat and went to a place behind the backs of the Government Whips and called a count. The debate was technically brought to an end before the Prime Minister had an opportunity to speak in his own defence. Only Sir John Wardlaw-Milne's agreement to move his censure motion again



Lieutenant-Colonel John Durnford-Slater of Instow, North Devon, took his wife and daughter to the Palace when he received the D.S.O. from the King for his gallantry in leading the commandos in their raid on Vaagso at the end of last year



Commander Peter du Cane, O.B.E., R.N., is responsible for the design of a number of very successful motor torpedo boats. Before the war he designed the Royal Barge and Sir Malcolm Campbell's famous "Bluebird." With him is his wife



Will Fyffe, Scottish actor and comedian had a good one to tell his two friends, Captain J. W. Hammill, O.B.E., of South Shields, and Captain William Stubbs, O.B.E., as they left the Palace together. Mr. Fyffe was awarded the C.B.E. in the Birthday Honours

## Army and Navy Awards at a Recent Investiture at Buckingham Palace





### Christening of H.R.H. Princess Irene of Greece in South Africa

The infant daughter of Crown Prince Paul and Princess Friederike of Greece was christened Irene by the Archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church in Capetown recently. It was the first Royal christening to take place in South Africa and Field Marshal Smuts, the Premier, acted as godfather. Princess Katherine of Greece is the baby's godmother. The group above, taken at the christening, shows Prince Radziwill, Prince George of Greece, the Crown Prince and Field Marshal Smuts (holding Princess Irene) standing; Mrs. Smuts, Princess Katherine and Princess Friederike sitting; and, in front, Prince Radziwill's daughter, Princess Sophie and Prince Constantine

brought the debate back to life. Sir John need not have agreed. He could have allowed his motion to lapse and compelled the Government to demand a vote of confidence. In such confusion there might have been a different vote, although the Government would have been saved at all times. As I said last week, Sir John Wardlaw-Milne has given new life to this Government, and strengthened the Prime Minister's position by his ill-timed and wholly unnecessary motion of no confidence.

### Shipping Losses

At last the country knows some of the facts of the serious position of world shipping. The Government still stubbornly adhere to their refusal to publish regular tallies of our shipping losses. But the debate on shipping, arranged as a result of the insistence of Mr. Emmanuel Shinwell, has provided plenty of information for public consumption. It is not a happy position, but when all the resources of the Allies are taken into account, it is not, or should not be, as depressing as some politicians would have it. New construction is gradually overtaking sinkings, and both Canada and the United States are really doing a grand job. Nor are British shipyards failing to play their part. I am told that some remarkable records have been set up in British yards. At the same time, shipping has become a supremely important political issue under Mr. Shinwell's pressure. So the Government instructed Sir Arthur Salter to fly from Washington to take part in the debate. Sir Arthur is Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of War Transport. His working base has been in Washington for the last eighteen months, where he can do a better job at his desk than on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons. He is not an outstanding parliamentarian, but he does impress many people with his capacity as an administrator. In the last war he was Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Shipping.

### On Leave

WHEN Viscount Halifax was sent to Washington as Ambassador—against his personal wish—he stipulated that all circumstances

being equal he would be able to spend a few weeks each summer at home. This is why he is back in London at this moment. After seeing Mr. Anthony Eden, and attending several Cabinet meetings, Lord Halifax has gone to Yorkshire to superintend his estates. He will spend some weeks in this way before preparing to return to Washington. Soon after Lord Halifax reached London there were the inevitable reports that he would not be going back to the United States. These reports originated in Whitehall, and they may prove to have some basis in fact, but Lord Halifax has not, so far, been told of any impending change. The argument goes that our relations with the United States Government are now so closely knit that there is no necessity for further diplomacy; a business man would do all that is necessary. Though this view is accepted by some, the Foreign Office is not likely to assent.

### Return Visit

MR. DONALD NELSON, who has got the widest powers of control over American production known in history, is coming to London. He is returning Mr. Oliver Lyttelton's recent visit to Washington. In the course of a stay in this country he will visit war plants and Army camps. He will also continue his conversations with Mr. Oliver Lyttelton. They get on extremely well together, which is fortunate, for more and more do they become key men in this war of machines against men. Mr. Lyttelton was not at his best in the War Debate. He gave a straightforward account of the history of our war production. There was no embellishment of the cold facts, and certainly no parliamentary tricks accompanying this account. The result was that politicians were disappointed with Mr. Lyttelton's performance. They expected something better; but Mr. Lyttelton is not a politician and his only interest in Parliament is a family connection with the House of Commons. When he accepted his first post in the Government as President of the Board of Trade he told the Prime Minister that it would be for the duration of the war only. After the war he wants to return to the City.

### Church and Politics

CANTERBURY is becoming the temple of Church politics. The Archbishop rarely speaks now without giving a political address. He now asserts that after the war the United Nations should control the industrial Ruhr. This he believes would render Prussian tradition ineffective in the future because the war, potential in that rich district, would then be put to better use. It is a splendid idea, but surely this is a matter for soldiers and statesmen, and not bishops. Many people deplore the intrusion of the Church into politics. I find that parsons are boring their parishioners by political sermons. There's every need for a return to religion, and surely it is the function of the Archbishop of Canterbury to lead the country in this direction. Politics are the concern of Downing Street, not Canterbury.



### A Czech Night Fighter Ace

Flight-Lieutenant Charles Kuttelwascher, a Czech night fighter pilot serving with the R.A.F., has won both the D.F.C. and bar within five weeks, probably a record. He has accounted for twenty-two enemy aircraft, many of them over Northern France



### Cdr. Anthony Miers, V.C., D.S.O., R.N.

Commander Miers has been awarded the V.C. for valour in command of H.M. Submarine Torbay. He carried out a daring and successful raid on shipping in a defended enemy harbour. He is the younger son of the late Captain Capel Miers, Cameron Highlanders, and of Mrs. Miers, of Waterford, Ireland



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

"The Young Mr. Pitt"

By James Agate

OF *The Young Mr. Pitt* (New Gallery) one may say at once that it is, to use a more than hackneyed adjective, outstanding. This film has shape, coherence and dignity. It is a moving and exciting panorama of a period in English history when the fears of invasion were as acute as they were in the early part of the present war. Indeed, the analogy of Then with Now is made clear to us with an almost unnecessary degree of insistence. But need the long arm of coincidence be artificially lengthened as well? Was it necessary, for instance, to make Napoleon, haranguing the Paris populace, scream so very much in the manner of his modern prototype? Must the enthusiastic crowd waiting outside No. 10 Downing Street to welcome Pitt resemble so closely the crowds which cheered Mr. Chamberlain in 1938? The nail need not, at any rate on artistic grounds, have been driven quite so far home.

BUT apart from a few inaccuracies, anachronisms of speech, and a modernity which occasionally jars, there is not a great deal to carp at. And an immense amount of praise. The broad picture of English life during those thrilling years, 1777-1806, is presented in all its colour and vividness. An England that is past lives again in those gambling scenes at Brooks's, in the view of both Chambers in the talking-shop, in the street scenes, the splendid interiors of noble houses, the gallant, picturesque ships, the magnificent clothes and gorgeous uniforms. And in the resonant and eloquent English which was the customary medium of speech in the days of Gibbon and Burke. Old England lives again as the film takes its way through the struggles of the young Prime Minister from the days when, like a later and equally famous parliamentarian, he was howled down in derision, to the days of fame and glory when he ruled public opinion, and the nation's policy, "cold, aloof and sarcastic . . . supporting a reputation for an almost

tiresome integrity," as Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley so succinctly puts it.

VOUCHSAFED also is a good portrait of Pitt's rival protagonist, the lazy, luxurious and intensely witty Charles James Fox, who pours out *mot* after *mot* with an ease and lavishness which ought to have secured him a place in Mr. Leonard Russell's collection of essays entitled *English Wits*. I don't know why I did not choose Charles James as my subject. Odd that I should forget the man after whom my father, born twenty-eight years after Pitt died, was named! Fox's memory still persists in the curious way of rhyming slang. Mr. Philip Page, my enviably witty confrère, told me the other day about meeting in the street one of the Melville Brothers, who said, "Why don't you drop into the Lyceum more often? There's always a Charles James Fox at your disposal." But enough of irrelevant chatter.

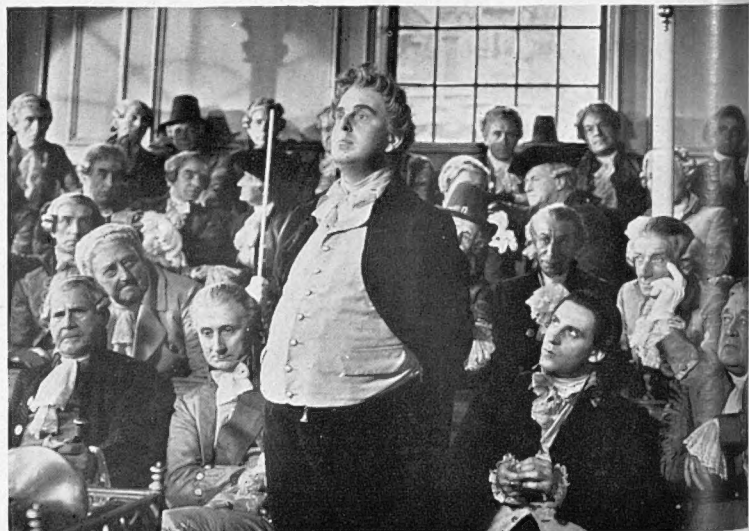
WE see Nelson rising to his final splendour as saviour of his country, the wily and cunning Talleyrand smoothing over diplomatic difficulties while artfully creating fresh ones, a George III who seems to have discarded the farmer, and a crowd of people famous in history, some life-like, some a little larger than life, and some a trifle smaller. And there are one or two scenes we could wish away. It is neither amusing nor consistent with our William's considerable conceit of himself that he should play at pillow-fights with tiresome children in the corridors of Walmer Castle. Nor do I believe that his Majesty braved the ocean at Weymouth clad in nothing but an exiguous slip. I suppose the sentimental scenes were obligatory. The love-passages between the Prime Minister and Lord Auckland's daughter may make the love-sick in the audience sigh; they cannot but make the crusty bachelor grieve.

However, these are trifles compared to the general decorum of this very fine film, which is

for much of its length an entertainment as well as a patriotic stimulant. It ends with the death of Pitt. I could have wished to see also the end of the now-reconciled Fox; this took place some eight months after Pitt's decease, and the two great men were interred side by side.

The acting is good throughout. Whether Mr. Robert Donat has quite the breadth, supernatural energy and natural magniloquence which one usually associates with Pitt, is a matter of opinion; he certainly gives his best film-performance to date and misses no subtleties and no points. But is there in this actor something a little wraith-like which one does not easily associate with that interminable portswilling insisted on throughout the film? Should he, perhaps, show more period-gusto to enable us to be convinced? Mr. Robert Morley's Fox is superb, and whether Fox really looked like Mr. Morley worries me not at all; that musical yet incisive voice rolling its honied yet vitriolic lines on its tongue delighted me beyond criticism. The countless smaller parts are likewise very well acted; I regret there is not space to give the names of the entire cast.

THE other films show Hollywood at its usual high pressure. *Beyond the Blue Horizon* (Carlton) is all about a mad elephant; but whether the elephant is madder than the young woman, enacted by Miss Dorothy Lamour, who elects to inhabit the jungle in the company of a tame tiger and a chimpanzee must be left for alienists to decide. There is also an athletic hero impersonated by Mr. Richard Denning, and I think I may say here that to call Mr. Denning a "sun-tanned blonde," as one of my colleagues does, is misleading. I prefer to call him a blond without the "e." *Secret Agent of Japan* (Gaumont) is about the Japanese Gestapo and its unpleasant habit of putting victims' hands through mangles. There is some counter-spying on the part of a lady much addicted to backless evening frocks; and if you don't know what this film is like from my comprehensive description of it, I am sorry. *Dangerously They Live* (Regal) is all about amnesia and psychiatry, and enables Miss Nancy Coleman, of whom I never heard before, to wear as many frocks in it as if she were three Joan Crawford's rolled into one. *Ship Ahoy* (Empire) is all about a dancing troupe bound for Puerto Rico and its attitude to a magnetic mine. All these films are exciting in their way.



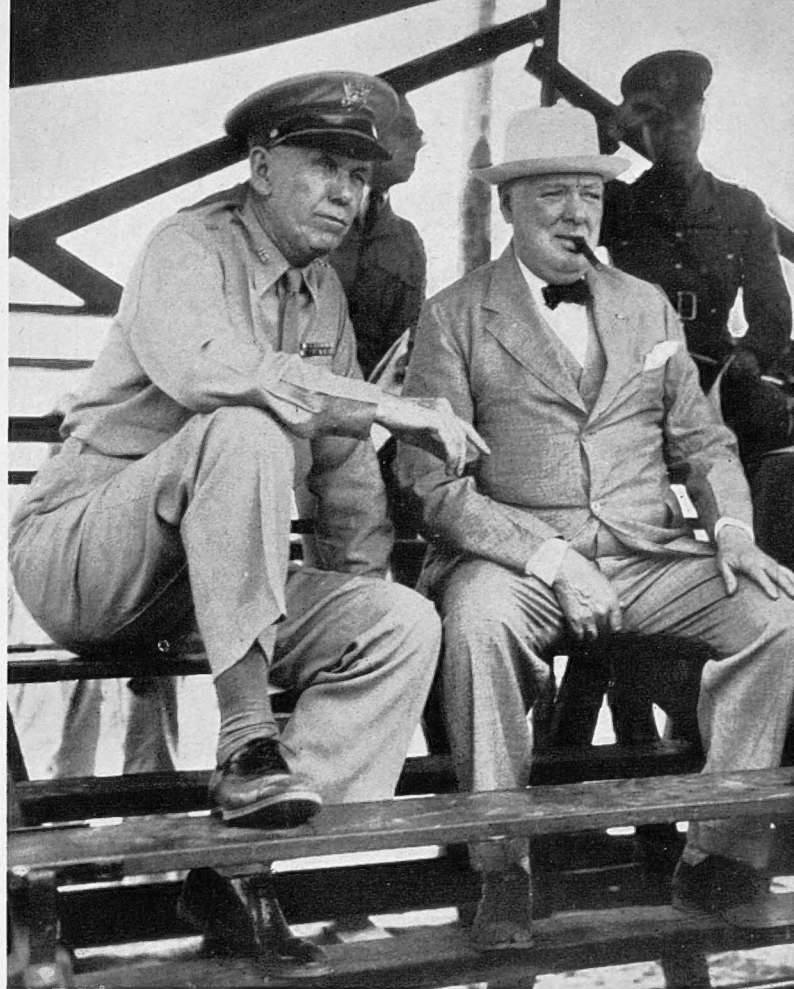
An Important Historical Film—"The Young Mr. Pitt"

Both Robert Donat as First Minister of the Crown, and Robert Morley as Leader of the Opposition, give outstanding performances in "The Young Mr. Pitt" which is now drawing packed audiences to two London theatres—the New Gallery and Marble Arch Pavilion. The film is of particular interest at the present time, for it recalls a period of history when Britain faced—and ultimately overcame—dangers, disappointments, even disasters, remarkably like those of today. (Left) Robert Donat, as William Pitt the younger, writes a letter of farewell to his one and only love, Lady Eleanor Eden. (Right) Robert Morley as Charles James Fox addresses the House





A tremendous reception was given by the people of New York to the ten members of British fighting forces, distinguished in action, who took part with five members of U.S. forces in a parade of the city. Here are Flight-Lieutenant C. W. McColpin, Lieutenant George Welch of the U.S. Army, and Squadron Leader J. D. Nettleton, V.C., acknowledging the terrific welcome they received from the public watching from windows and from the sidewalks, where the crowd was eight or ten deep



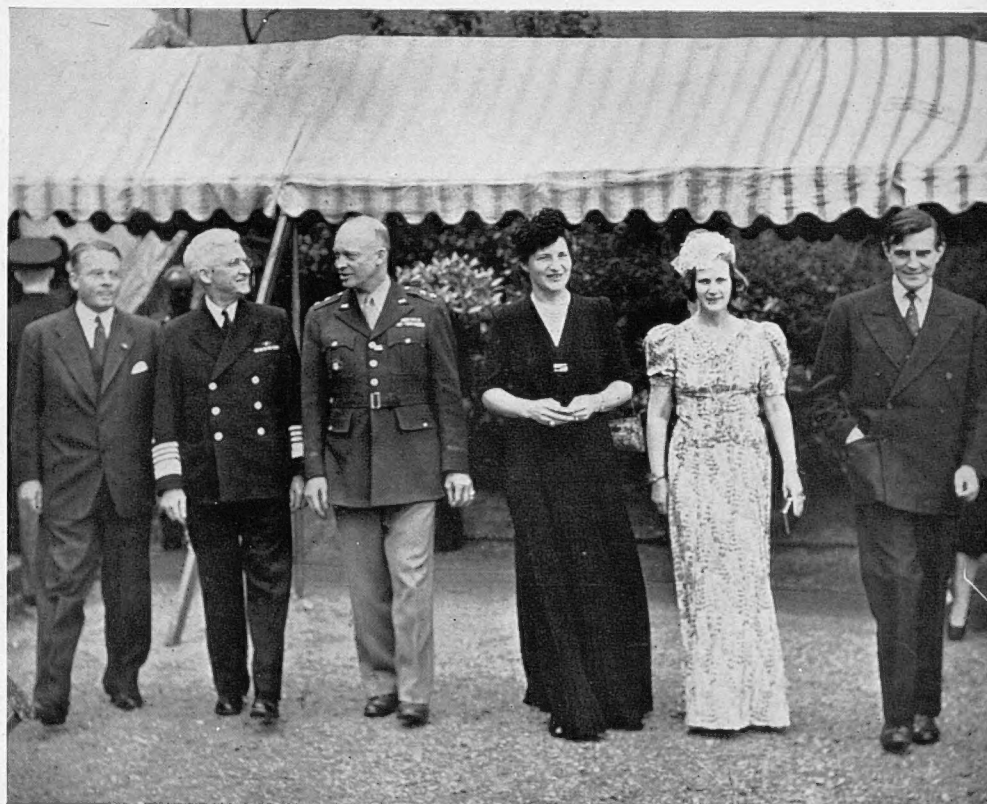
General George Marshall, U.S. Chief of Staff, and Mr. Winston Churchill sat together to watch a military demonstration during the Prime Minister's recent visit to America. It was in 1917 that General Marshall first became known to the American public, when General Pershing promoted him Colonel and made him his Chief of Staff

## American News Reel

From Both Sides of the Pond



The Washington Club for members of U.S. forces in London was opened by Mr. Winant on Independence Day. Major-General Eisenhower visited the club and ate a doughnut. General Eisenhower, who is an expert on armoured warfare, was for five years Chief of Staff to General MacArthur in the Philippines, and before coming to Britain to command the American forces over here, was Assistant Chief of Staff, Operations Department, U.S. War Department General Staff



The American Ambassador opened his London house for the first time to celebrate Independence Day on July 4 by a reception and garden party. Some two hundred guests passed through the house—which has not been used since Mr. Kennedy, the last Ambassador, left London—and shook hands with their host and hostess. Above are Mr. Mathews, Counsellor at the American Embassy, Admiral Stark who commands U.S. Naval forces in Europe, Major-Gen. Eisenhower, commanding U.S. troops in Britain, and Mrs. Mathews, with Mr. and Mrs. Winant in the garden



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Lifeline (Duchess)

A LARGE but possibly dwindling section of the community regards that loyal plant, the aspidistra, less as a botanical phenomenon than as a household pet or member of the family. And even the callous aesthete, who sees in its unassuming tenure of the parlour window merely a target for his wit, must confess that it has virtues. Cheerfulness in discouraging surroundings, freedom from class consciousness, and a complete absence of caprice; are these not virtues of a high order?

Such is the aspidistra that plays a silent but far from negligible role in this heroic little drama of the sea. It adorns the saloon table of the S.S. *Clydesdale*, a 5,000-ton tramp, in which it, we, and a highly inflammable cargo make a wartime transatlantic trip. The property of the chief engineer, it serves not only as a safety-valve to the captain's temper, but as an ash-tray to the junior officers; and it seems to symbolise the unaffected virtues of this gallant little play.

THOUGH comparisons may be made, *Lifeline* is not another *Journey's End*. It has features in common with that trench epic, but is more loosely constructed, and makes less poignant an appeal. Its eleven characters (excluding the aspidistra, which, we gather from its owner, is a "she") are all men—the ship's officers and other personnel, who take the desperate hazards of the passage as all in the day's work. These include air and submarine attacks, fog, loss of touch with the convoy, fire, abandonment and recovery of the ship; all of which are experienced and, by a modicum of the company, survived. The petrol, or best part of it, is brought to port.

These adventures are excitingly topical, but the play's deeper interest lies in the characters of the men, and in the personal differences of their response to duty. They have the outlook and speak the language of seamen. We meet and get to know them, as they come and go on and off duty, in the saloon, where the chief steward (Mr. Arthur Sinclair) dispenses coffee and philosophy with accommodating impartiality, assisted by an engaging tyro, the new galley boy, who is making his first trip.

THE captain, explosive tempered, heroic, and devoted to his ship, roars like a bull at all and sundry; and more particularly at his

brother-in-law, the chief engineer, a Glasgow worthy, who is greasier than an old-time whaler in blubber season. Their normal intercourse is a da capo duet of shocking discourtesies. Age has not withered nor custom staled its infinitely rude variety. Its more stinging ripostes, indeed, might be overheard from Frisco to the Cape.

The ship, like them, is a character. She has the Clydeside virtues, though wartime fuel is apt to obscure them at crucial moments and provide captain and chief engineer with inspiration for some of their fruitier cadenzas. These two well-drawn, vigorously articulate

Sketches by  
Tom Tilt



Captain of the S.S. "*Clydesdale*" is Captain McGrath, an explosive, heroic Scotsman. Chief Engineer Jim Lloyd is his brother-in-law. One senses their devotion to each other while shuddering at their discourtesies (Wilfrid Lawson, Frank Pettingell)

characters are admirably played by Mr. Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Frank Pettingell respectively. Mr. Pettingell's ripe, rounded study of the pawky old engineer, loyal but irresistibly provocative, has the authenticity of nature mellowed by the selective subtlety of art. It convinces, entertains, and charms, and is a memorable addition to that gallery of

characterisation is true, the thrills are realistic, and the domestic detail and humours entertain. The production had some first-night shortcomings, which further playing should remedy. Like the aspidistra, which is among the survivors, its virtues, though unpretentious, are sterling, and make it a play to be seen and enjoyed.



(Left) Wireless operator Fred is devoted to his wife. His shopping for her at all ports of call is a constant source of amusement (Guy Verney, Terence de Marney, Lloyd Pearson and Robert Beatty)

(Right) Casey is a steward with a philosophy of his own and as many experiences in odd corners of the world as Commander "Brains Trust" Campbell himself. He is a valuable tutor for Ronnie, the galley boy, who is making his first trip (Arthur Sinclair and fourteen-year-old Alan Wren)







*M. Salandier, a civil servant, is given a hostile reception by the farmer and his family who suspect him of being a "quisling." (Leueen MacGrath, Alan Howland, Milton Rosmer, Tristan Rawson, Louise Hampton)*

## "Salt of the Earth"

Michael Egan's Play of the Unseen  
Armies Who Fight for Freedom

Throughout the occupied countries of Europe, the "ghost" armies of democracy, who fight for freedom as surely and as dangerously as do our own men and women in the Services, continue to grow in strength. *Salt of the Earth* tells the story of a simple French family who have their own way of fighting the Nazis while patiently awaiting the longed-for signal to revolt. Louise Hampton and Tristan Rawson play the mother and father of the family, Milton Rosmer, the grandfather; John Carol and Leueen MacGrath, the farmer's son and daughter, are both leaders of guerrilla bands which prepare for the great day when Britain will invade the Continent. Alan Howland, until recently one of the well-known B.B.C. news announcers, plays the part of a French civil servant. The play is directed by Dennis Arundell

*Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick*



*Old grandfather Bourdin (Milton Rosmer) mounts guard outside the farm in the desperate days preceding the fall of France*



*Private Schmidt is audacious enough to accuse Hitler of starting the war. He is knocked down by Corporal Lenz. (Frederick Richter, Geoffrey Wincote)*



*It is a dramatic moment when Louise finds a bundle of 500-franc notes in her brother Pierre's pocket. (John Carol, Leueen MacGrath, Milton Rosmer)*



*A R.A.F. pilot is sheltered in the farmhouse. The farmer's wife bathes his wounds and he is well-cared for by the family. (Louise Hampton, Ian Lubbock)*



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## "Mrs. Miniver"

"The finest film yet made about the present war; a most exalting tribute to the British"

"New York Times"



Mrs. Miniver has been up to Town for the day. She has—extravagantly she feels—bought a new hat. As she is rushing to get home before her husband, she is stopped by the stationmaster, Mr. Ballard. He has grown a very lovely new rose and wishes to name it the "Mrs. Miniver" (Greer Garson, Henry Travers)



When news of the entry of Ballard's new rose for the annual Flower Show gets round the village, there is great commotion. Lady Beldon has always been the undisputed winner of the Challenge Cup for the best rose. Unaware of the storm around her, Lady Beldon smiles happily as she listens to the words of the service. Her granddaughter, Carol, not so intent on the service, smiles at the handsome young man in the Minivers' pew (Teresa Wright, Dame May Whitty)



Then come the days of the Battle of Britain. Clem Miniver and every able-bodied man in the village set off for Dunkirk to save every man they can. At home, Mrs. Miniver has her own excitement. She finds a wounded German airman. Undismayed, she makes sure he cannot escape and sends for the police. (Helmut Dantine, Greer Garson)



The Battle of Britain grows in intensity. In the shelter, the Miniver family go through, nightly, the horror of unceasing enemy bombardment





*It is September 3rd, 1939. Throughout the country, village churches are crowded. The majority of people still hope that some peaceful solution will be found. Wholeheartedly the Miniver family join in the singing; it is a hymn they know, a tune they love. Shortly afterwards the vicar announces that Great Britain has declared war on Germany. (Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson, Richard Ney and the children, Christopher Severn and Clare Sanders)*

Mrs. Miniver has been adapted for the screen from the series of Miniver articles written by Miss Jan Struther and originally published in "The Times." Directed by William Wyler, Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon as Mr. and Mrs. Miniver give performances which catch superbly the warmth and feeling of Jan Struther's characters. The Minivers are a typical British family. There are three children, Vin, Judy and Toby. War is an interruption of their peaceful home life in a village which still regards with passionate sincerity the importance of who is acclaimed the grower of the finest rose at the annual Flower Show. In church the Minivers hear of the declaration of war. Vin decides to join the R.A.F. His love for Carol, granddaughter of the aristocratic Lady Beldon, their marriage; and Carol's subsequent death as a result of machine-gunning; Mrs. Miniver's adventure with a German aviator; Mr. Miniver's life-saving trips to Dunkirk; the bombing and destruction of their village home: all these excitements, joys and sorrows we share with the Minivers. Finally, in the village church with its shattered roof, we reaffirm with them our unshaken faith in a great and glorious future



*THE TATLER  
AND BYSTANDER  
JULY 15, 1942-75*



*Vin decides to join the R.A.F. He goes into training and wins his wings. Transferred to a neighbouring airfield, Vin is able to spend most of his time with Carol. They become engaged. (Teresa Wright, Richard Ney)*



*Another warning sounds. Vin must report for duty. Mrs. Miniver and Carol make for shelter. Their car is riddled with machine-gun bullets. Carol is killed. The village is destroyed. In the ruins of the old church the vicar gathers his congregation together. Much has gone, but faith remains*

*Finally, their home is hit. Vin and Carol, back from their honeymoon in Scotland, visit the ruins of the home they loved with Mr. and Mrs. Miniver*



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SCOTLAND YARD'S new economy-drive doesn't seem to include conscripting (or conscribing, as Auntie *Times* prefers it) the boys and girls whose subtle brains have created the 89 leading detectives in current crime-fiction. How like the Yard! Cagey as usual.

Maybe the Yard is scared of all that distressing whimsy inseparable from the modern master-detective, who generally has some engaging "personality" trick when deep in thought, such as biting off women's arms or quoting Plato or burrowing miles underground with a silver fish-fork. Conan Doyle began this temperamental business with Holmes's dope, fiddle, revolver, and shag (his predecessor Poe's Dupin, father and mother of all modern crime-detectors, is a perfectly normal type), and so we get nowadays that procession of vaudeville turns, tricky wags, or learned apes who can never let anybody solve a murder-problem in peace. Fancy being locked in a library on a case with Philo ("Wants-a-Kick-in-the-Pants") Vance, that cultured old tube of cholera!

## Afterthought

ONE more reason the Yard tends to keep the ingenious crime-story boys and girls firmly at arm's length may be that those sweethearts have by now been able to discover and solve every possible permutation and combination of criminal factors except the kind which bob up regularly

every day. If this is Crime Mystery No. 1, Crime Mystery No. 2 is undoubtedly the fact that so few mutilated bodies picked up in the Yard resemble Lord P-t-r W-ms-y.

## Spotlight

UNLIKE Barrie, whom a critic driven nuts by roguey-poguey once rather savagely described as "backing nervously into the limelight," the late Ernest Bramah, brilliant creator of Kai Lung and the detective Max Carrados, really hated and avoided publicity of every kind all his life.

At the P.E.N. Club the boys and girls are probably—we conjecture, for it's years since we romped in that noble bowing ken—tapping their foreheads and muttering that Allah is all-merciful. For it's a harassing life, struggling daily to keep in the booksy spotlight. Yet the racket has never developed here as it did in France. We remember a well-known bookshop on the Boulevards with a regular "feature" window tastefully displaying not only 500 copies of the latest Morand or Dekobra, but a selection of interesting personal "props," such as the novelist's boots, hat, pen, spare set of false teeth, and Sunday pyjamas, a bone gnawed by his favourite doggie, the photograph and baptismal certificate of his Great-Aunt Euphrosyne, and so forth. At a table in the shop the big boy would be himself visible, exquisitely groomed, smiling, and bland, signing copies for every purchaser. That's literary publicity, that was, and



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN.

"Here is a statement issued by the Ministry of Economic Warfare"

does it make our booksy go-getters look like fifty cents!

## Rally

PROPOS Barrie, a mild dollop of girlish flafa about the Peter Pan statue in wartime by a Fleet Street sob-sister who was in Kensington Gardens recently reminded us that one hears far too little about fairy activities nowadays.

Our information is that since a tough Australian fairy named Digger Jake Malone socked Peter Pan on the snoot (and about time, too) a couple of months ago in the Tittlebat lounge, things have been running more smoothly in the Commonwealth Fairies' Club established by Little Mother Wendy in the Gardens last year. The object of the Club is to co-ordinate fairy efforts in assisting the Imperial General Staff in strategy and tactics and helping the Government generally. Every corner of the British Commonwealth is represented, and the Financial Secretary is a stout fairy named Weissmuller. Little Mother herself has come in for a few slaps, bumps, whirrets, and pinches for—as a big fairy from Moose Jaw laughingly expressed it—putting on too much goddam dawg, and is now meekly toeing the line. The Executive Committee are concentrating at the moment on fuel-rationing and have already suggested some sweet cuddly ideas to Whitehall in its dreams, for which Sir William Beveridge has so far had the credit.

## Footnote

TINKER BELL's fate is unknown. Last time everybody was asked to clap as usual to save that little pest from dying, most of the fairies were attending a cocktail-party in the Long Walk to welcome an American delegation, and were so plastered with a new snifter called Butterfly's Heartache that nobody took any notice, which seems too bad, or good.

## Bouquet

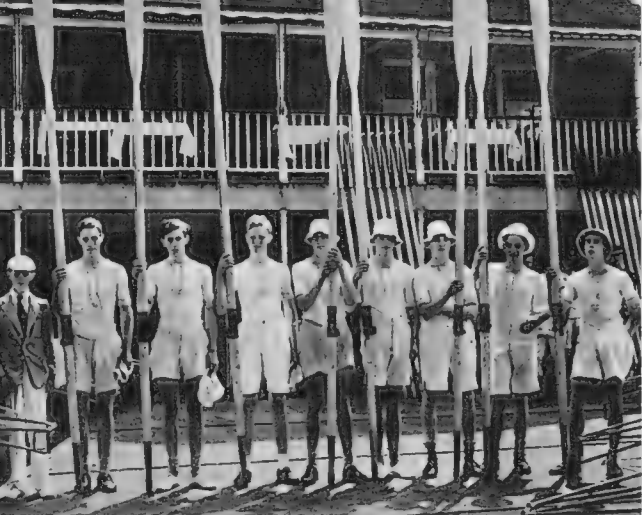
LÉON DAUDET's recent death in his beloved native Provence deprives connoisseurs of prose invective, that too-neglected art, of its most brilliant living

(Concluded on page 78)

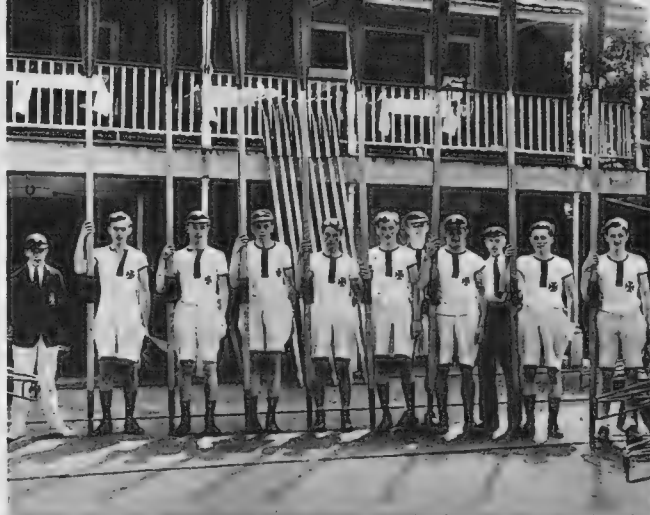


"I can't understand it—it's just one of a batch I imported from Birmingham in '38"





Eton were represented by their first and second eights at the schoolboys' races held recently over part of the Henley Regatta course. Above is the Eton first eight, who won the second race, beating Radley and Shrewsbury: R. J. Owen (cox), M. A. Nicholson (stroke), A. D. Rowe, T. A. Matheson, W. G. Palmer, S. C. Gladstone, W. J. Colfox, H. C. Wilson, G. T. Brooth Jones (bow). There were only two races during the day



The Shrewsbury crew who competed at Henley were: M. E. Rope (cox), P. B. D. Sutherland (stroke), J. S. Crewdson, A. L. MacLeod, C. P. Hemming, W. J. M. Clarke, T. A. Wotherspoon, M. C. Whitworth, J. M. Stallard. Only four schools attended the event this year, owing to the difficulties of transporting boats. Shrewsbury and Winchester raced in borrowed boats, while Eton and Radley rowed theirs to the scene of action

## Four Schools Compete at Henley



The finish of the second race. Eton College first eight wins by a length from Radley; Shrewsbury was third after making a fine effort to gain second place. Racing took place over an upstream course from Remenham Barrier to the Royal Regatta winning-post

The Winchester crew, winners of the first race, bring in their boat after the event. They beat Eton's second eight by about 1½ lengths, after taking an early lead, being clear of their opponents in three minutes



Mr. T. A. Brocklebank was one of the coaches at this year's schoolboys' regatta at Henley. Here he is, with the megaphone, bicycling along the course, which was about a mile long



The Judge, Lieutenant-Colonel C. Burnell, signals the finish of one of the races. The events were organised by the rowing masters of Eton, and took place for the second year



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

maestro. Day by day we used to read his *Action Française* article with awed delight; Briand was generally "that aged pimp" (Briand got in trouble with the police in his early days), Barthou was "the Little Dog Médor," Herriot was "Herriot My-Pipe," and the unfortunate League of Nations inspired Daudet to such poetic heights that we have carefully preserved his finest description of it:

"This collection of aged spinsters withered on the stalk, of professors of Patagonese, of babblers, of Cocquignies, of pastors frocked and unfrocked, of delirious cockatoos, of unemployed typists, of peanut vendors, of Red Indians and their squaws, of spirits with ectoplasm and fluent protoplasm, of gasteropodic molluscs, of New Zealand snails, of frock-coated tree-dwellers, and other brachycephalous troglodytes."

Beat that, as the bishop said when he handed the too-muscular curate a concrete pulpit-cushion.

## Legend

WHEN chaps go chintzy over ye merrie old-tyme smugglers, as one did the other day on the air, apropos something or other, we look up the *Newgate Calendar* again and marvel at the innocence of chaps.

The tortures some of the eighteenth-century Sussex smugglers used to inflict on any of the hapless peasantry they suspected of treachery, before murdering them, read like a report of a Nazi concentration-camp; the celebrated Hawkhurst Gang, just over the Kentish border, exercised a reign of terror over the countryside which is not forgotten even now. Pretty stories were told at the trials of these brutes and reported in the *Newgate Calendar*, a nice bedside book, enabling one to tell the romantic boys exactly where they'd have been on a given night had they lived in smugglers' country; that is to say, not leaning out and laughingly applauding the jolly sportsmen as the pack-horses trotted by with kegs of brandy and bales of lace, but more probably sweating with fear under the bed.

Smuggling breaks no contracts and is actually less criminal than company-promoting, and maybe the reason chaps idealise smugglers is that they think of them as rather naughty cricketers, playing amusing tricks on the Excise in pure high spirits, but fundamentally terribly sturdy and decent and all that. *O sancta simplicitas!* as the actress said to the rural dean.

## Turn

B.B.C. comedians, as they are often called, being forbidden on pain of death to make jokes about the Brains Trust, the reason is now crystal-clear. One of the big boys in person is beginning a vaudeville tour with Sandy Powell's road-show at Nottingham this

month. Just a monopoly-complex it was, you observe.

We still say that circus, which needs no Bearded Lady and lacks only a Human Hairpin and a couple of Port Said mermaids, ought to go on the stage *as a unit*, though we wouldn't envy the other performers in the bill (that monstrous Brains Trust vanity would make any West End leading lady look like a shy medieval anchoress), and there'd be hell to pay over the best dressing-rooms. But the boys would have to be properly "produced." The Old Byzantine Serail on the night of the Sack of Constantinople seems an ideal decor. You can hear the hysterical giggles and see the whirling Turkish scimitars from here.

## Jam

STUDENTS of sociology familiar with Mr. Belloc's guide to the Peerage will remember the unfortunate case of Lord Heygate:

Lord Heygate had a troubled face,  
His furniture was commonplace—  
The sort of Peer who well might pass  
For someone of the Middle Class . . .

We thought of this peer when we found a chap last week reminding the populace that Charles the First differed somewhat from his superb portrait by Vandyck, being actually undersized and having a red nose and a stammer. A distinctly middle-class figure, in fact, and the spitten image of more than one don we could mention, not a hundred miles from Paddington. Vandyck idealised Charles as De Laszlo and so many other modern artist boys have idealised the homely pans of rich women, and why not?



"What on earth do you do with all the money I give you, Dad?"

There's enough suffering in the Nordic world already.

We say Nordic because the Latin world, being less terrified of reality, doesn't mind a chap like Goya painting wonderful hags like the Infanta Maria-Josefa or sardonic scarecrows like Carlos III. in all their native charm. Goya would never have got past the R.A. Hanging Committee, nor would the Clouets or El Greco, for that matter. Hence the phrase, first used by Sir Joshua Reynolds in an Academy lecture, "Money for jam." The cry "Money for old rope!" broke later from Ruskin, gazing numbly on Landseer's portrait of the Duchess of Rye.

## Correction

CLAIMING that George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans), the Victorian novelist, was never a Russian spy in the Crimea, a reader accuses us of cynicism and inaccuracy. All right, then, cynicism and inaccuracy. She was actually (we find on looking her up, with great labour) a sorter in the G.P.O. at Mount Pleasant, and used to pass on interesting or "spicy" letters to John Stuart Mill, with whom she was "walking out." Laugh! Well, there! Hence the dedication of Mill's amusing *Principles of Political Economy*:

Horsie, when you walk out with me,  
Life is one burst of jollity;  
I never knew my so-called betters  
Got such extremely comic letters.

"Horsie" was the name given to the big girl by "Jolly Jack" Ruskin, and if you want to know something of her life as one of Les 8 Jackson's Girls and the scandal at Runcorn Municipal Casino you can jolly well look it up for yourselves.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis







## Happy Days With the Fleet Air Arm

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

The spot of bother in this picture began with the two little tractors, an innovation from America, called "Dodge'em" cars, which haul aircraft about the deck of an aircraft-carrier. They have started off too soon, and the pilot of the Martlet fighter has inadvertently switched on his engine and shot up into the air, thereby impaling a seaman with the deck arrester-hook, and placing the flight-deck officer (the man with the "bats," or small-powered lamps) in an awkward position. His signals are normally intended to assist the pilot to land. The lawful destination of the Martlet is down the lift, but only the starboard wing has so far been folded back, and one of the "Dodge'em's" has got there first

## "Hamlet" in Death's Mirror

Episodes from Robert Helpmann's Tragic Ballet Which London Has Seen Twenty-Seven Times and Which Soon Goes On Tour



On Ophelia, much of the torture of Hamlet's dying mind is focussed. Her innocent, gay affection for her brother Laertes is distorted into an unnatural and terrible betrayal, finally revealed when she goes mad, of Hamlet's own love for her (Margot Fonteyn, John Hart)



Drawn painfully and unwillingly sombre reverie, Hamlet turns to find him with accusation (Alexis Rassi)

Photographs by Tunbrid



A crowned and veiled figure entering Hamlet to be the Queen, his mother, finds Ophelia's face (Margot Fonteyn)



Robert Helpmann's second ballet, *Hamlet*, has up to now been given twenty-seven times during the Sadler's Wells season at the New Theatre, and continues to pack the house every time it is in the programme. Containing little dancing and no relief from the sombre intensity of mood and action, it compels the mind by the extraordinary depth and subtlety of its translation into dream-terms of the Shakespearean tragedy, by its own dramatic quality, and by the close integration of choreography, music (Tschaikovsky), and the decor and dresses designed by Leslie Hurry. On Saturday, the Company says goodbye to the New Theatre, but not to London—after two weeks' holiday they will be appearing for a week, from August 3rd, on the open-air stage in Victoria Park, E.2. This short season in the East End is part of the programme of entertainment arranged by the L.C.C. in support of the Government's holidays-at-home campaign

*Left: Wherever Hamlet turns are disillusion, treachery, nightmare bewilderment. From the Queen he gets no more comfort than from the Ophelia with whom his clouded brain confuses her (Celia Franca, Robert Helpmann)*

*Below: Tragic beyond the moment where Shakespeare, mercifully it now seems, left him to die, Hamlet in death finds no respite for the fearful problems of his life. Helpmann gives a brilliant performance, powerful yet curiously self-effacing, in this ballet, which he has conceived as a dream epilogue to the play*

backwards from his  
the Ghost menacing  
(Robert Helpmann)

Sedgwick



with the King seems to  
out behind the veil he  
(Robert Helpmann)



# The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava with Her Children



*Lady Dufferin and Her Family*



*The Ladies Caroline and Perdita Blackwood*



*The Earl of Ava*

The Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava have a family of three, a son and two daughters, seen here with their mother. Lady Dufferin, before her marriage in 1930, was Miss Maureen Guinness, and is the second daughter of the Hon. Ernest Guinness, and a niece of Lord Iveagh and Lord Moyne. Lord Dufferin, who started his political career ten years ago as a member of the Indian Franchise Committee, is now attached to the M.O.I., where he was for a time Director of the Empire Division. Since 1932 he has been Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Under-Secretary of State for India, to the President of the Board of Education, to the Secretary of State for War, and to the Lord Privy Seal. In 1937 he became Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies. His son and heir, the Earl of Ava, was born in 1938, and his daughters, Lady Caroline and Lady Perdita Blackwood, are eleven and eight years old

*Photographs by  
Dorothy Wilding*





The marriage of Major the Hon. Peter James Moubray Rous, the Lancers, and Miss Elizabeth Alice Fraser took place on June 24th, at St. Mary's, Beauly, Inverness-shire. Major Rous is the youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke, and his bride is the younger daughter of Major the Hon. Alastair and Lady Sybil Fraser, of Moniak Castle. She was given away by her father, and her only attendant was her youngest brother, Simon Fraser. Mr. Peter Forsyth-Forrest was best man

## Inverness-shire Wedding

Lord Stradbroke's Son Marries  
Miss Elizabeth Fraser

Photographs by Andrew Paterson, Inverness



In this picture, the bridegroom's parents, Lord and Lady Stradbroke, are talking to Brigadier-General John B. White, who commands the Canadian Forestry Corps, Mr. Forsyth-Forrest and Mrs. Stirling of Keir. Lady Stradbroke's present to the bride was the diamond butterfly brooch she wore. Like her new daughter-in-law, Lady Stradbroke was a Fraser before her marriage



Here Lady Sybil Fraser of Moniak, the bride's mother, is seen with Mrs. Alasdair Fraser, Mrs. Henry Fraser of Wardlaw, the Hon. Nea Robinson, daughter of the late Lord Rosmead, and Colonel Henry Fraser of Wardlaw. Lady Sybil Fraser is the Earl of Verulam's sister



The reception was held at Moniak Castle, and the bride and bridegroom received the guests in the garden. Lady Rosamund Greaves, the Countess of Dysart's eldest daughter, was one of those who wished them good luck



The bridegroom was congratulated by Lady Ross of Cromarty, widow of the late Brigadier-General Sir Walter Ross of Cromarty. Her son, Captain G. D. N. Ross, was recently reported wounded in Libya



Colonel Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel, K.T., and Baroness Burton of Dochfour, were guests at the wedding, and were together at the reception at Moniak Castle. He is Lord Lieutenant and Governor of Inverness-shire

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Words from the Wise

"As long as your English Ministers say 'John Bull is not sick,' so long will things go wrong. As soon as they come forward and say 'Certainly there is deep distress. There wants [sic] a radical change; we have had great successes which we have abused, and of which we have not availed ourselves,' then there will be hope."—*Napoleon I., written some time before "The Hundred Days."*

## And . . .

"I HAVE not made any arrogant, confident, boasting predictions at all. On the contrary, I have stuck hard to my 'blood, toil, tears and sweat.' . . . I do not know what my critics would like me to say now. If I predict success and speak in buoyant terms and misfortune continues, they will be able to dwell on my words. On the other hand, if I predict failure and paint the picture in the darkest hues—I have painted it in pretty dark hues—I might safeguard myself against one danger but only at the expense of a struggling army. And I might be wrong."—*The Prime Minister, in the House of Commons, July 2nd, 1942.*

## An Inexact Parallel

AT this moment there is a film showing in London called *The Young Mr. Pitt*. A parallel, to be a parallel, must be exact. When Pitt, second son of the great William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, took office under Shelburne as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, he was only twenty-three. At that time (1783) England had just about reached her nadir. She had had to submit to a peace imposed by victorious enemies: her armies had grown accustomed to defeat; her fleets could barely hold their own upon the seas; her National Debt was doubled; she had had to surrender small possessions all over the world; she had lost her great Western Empire, the American colonies. William Pitt became Prime Minister in 1783. From that day onwards the best information is in our history books. It is a pity, I think, that no gramophone

record of Pitt's voice could have been made for purposes of comparison with some mezzo-sopranos of to-day. The voice is such a great index. There are other points of dissimilarity between this film and actualities. Pitt was not like the good-looking young actor who represents him. History hands him down as a repellent young man, and even then he must have been more or less pickled in port—a fact which would have made him not particularly desirable, even in the times in which he lived. Later, of course, he must have been as unbearable as are those people whom we sometimes meet whom it is dangerous to follow and take a deep breath. They carry such a scent that it is absolutely intoxicating. What a let-off Miss Eden must have had when she broke off her engagement to the future Prime Minister!

Germany's star Traffic Cop has not yet seen the red light, but he may be getting not such a good view of the amber and the green. Another inexactitude!

## The Uncanny Fox

MANY people have believed, and may still do so, that the fox is in league with the Powers of Darkness, and there may be some ground for this, because, undoubtedly, he has that Sixth Perception which enables him to anticipate the action of his pursuers in a manner which is not quite understandable. Let me cite a case in my own knowledge. In the Midlands there lived an old dog fox, who always knew beforehand the day upon which the snug little spinney in which he lived was going to be drawn. He would let himself be seen there quite openly in the morning, but he was gone long before hounds had even come off their benches, and before it was possible that he could have seen or heard anything suggesting that any operations were afoot. On days when the covert was not going to be drawn, he would be in residence, quite unperturbed and full of impertinence, finishing his lunch off anything in the way of a nice plump pullet he may have purloined overnight. Only once did he run it rather fine, and even then he beat



## "Out of the Blue"

Flight Lieut. R. J. Kilby and Miss S. Price, daughter of Mr. H. Davenport Price, were two performers in a revue, "Out of the Blue," written, produced and acted by members of the R.A.F. and W.A.A.F., shown in aid of Service benevolent funds

them. "This was the way of it: about one and a half miles from his abode was a very busy main railway line; in the embankment were some rabbit burrows, not quite big enough to accommodate him, but sufficiently so to let him get partly in. The line he left to the embankment on the occasion of his little slip was quite fresh enough to enable hounds to come tumbling out of covert and carry a grand head as far as the railway. When they got close, the huntsman saw the old villain's brush sticking out of the burrow and apparently waving defiance, because he knew that his enemy would not dare to try to bolt him, lest his hounds got cut up by one of the very frequent trains. That fox knew that the huntsman would have to whip off. What a fine general he would have made if he had been a man!

## Horses for Courses

IN the final note on the Gold Cup on this page, it was said of Owen Tudor that if his performance in the Quidhampton Stakes (1 mile



## Harrow Win Their Match Against an M.C.C. Eleven By 118 Runs

D. R. Stuart

Here is the Harrow cricket team, who beat a representative M.C.C. XI. recently. Their names are (sitting) J. N. Mitchell, H. P. G. Cholmondeley, A. John Griffin (captain), J. R. Readman, J. Gordon; (standing) C. C. Blount, M. H. Wrigley, B. H. Farr, A. Fosh, R. B. Stewart, H. R. M. Mirehouse. Wrigley, bowling brilliantly, took 4 for 15 in the match



The M.C.C. team, who lost to Harrow, were captained by R. H. Twining, a former Oxford captain. Harrow declared at 203, and the M.C.C. made 85 runs. Playing for the M.C.C. were (sitting) Lieut.-Col. G. H. M. Cartwright, Major G. O. Allen, R. H. Twining (captain), R. P. Keigwin, Major J. G. Leaf; (standing) Major G. P. L. Wiston, G. C. Melhuish, D. J. Cock, Captain B. J. W. Hill, Flight Lieut. J. P. F. Warner, Major J. M. Brocklebank



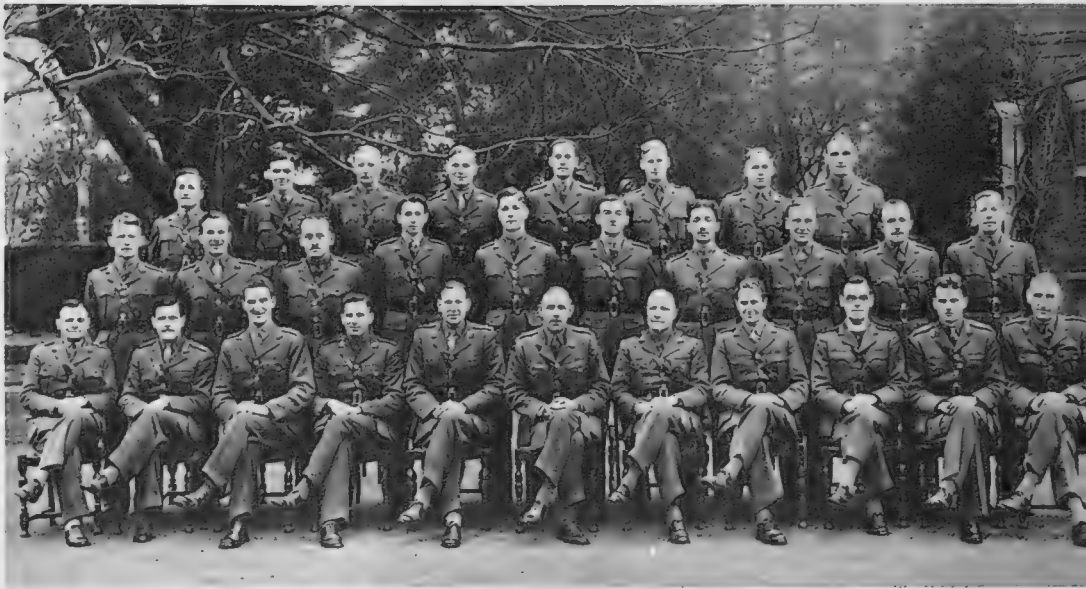
6 furlongs) at Salisbury was genuine, then he was not good enough to win; that if it was not, then we cannot trust him. He then (June 20th) finished right down the course, being eased, it must be stated, when it was plain that nothing could be gained by persevering with him. This was three furlongs from home—a point worth noting, in view of the fact that we now know that 2½ miles is a distance which does not bother him. What is the English of that? Gordon Richards discovered that he was not inclined to have anything more to do with the battle. He cannot have been “rowed out,” as the boating chaps say, in spite of the 9 st. 10 lb. he had on his back. He came out on July 1st and won the Gold Cup at Newmarket absolutely as he liked, by three lengths. Mazarin, his Salisbury conqueror, no nearer than fourth, and well beaten at that. Mr. Dawson’s honest colt obviously is a bit battle-weary. But how can we place Owen Tudor? He ran absolutely true to his own form, which tells us that he will only fight on any battlefield he likes, and even then only if he feels like it. There never has been any doubt as to his quality. He likes Newmarket and does not mind what the opposition is: he will condescend to win elsewhere when nothing tries to stretch his neck for him, as witness his Trial Plate (1½-mile) win at Salisbury on May 2nd, when he ran away with it by eight lengths, carrying 9 st. 9 lb., from Clean Sweep (9 st.), Lovely Trim (9 st. 3 lb.) (third in the Gold Cup, level weights); and Mazarin (9 st. 4 lb.) was sixth. In that Quidhampton Plate Owen Tudor only had 2 lb. more than he had in the Trial Plate, flattered his supporters till three furlongs from home, and then suddenly put up the shutters. His friends, relying on this Trial Plate form, bought their money quite gaily at 7 to 4 on. Their loyalty was rewarded in the Gold Cup, for he brought home the 5 to 2 handsomely. He is one of those good enough for anything, and also bad enough for anything. The main thing, however, about the Gold Cup, of which we must take serious note, is Afterthought. If Hyperides is so much better than she is, the Leger may well be in Lord Rosebery’s pocket, Watling Street, Sun Chariot, or anything else notwithstanding. The date is September 12th, by which time perhaps another great Victory may be in sight. Hitler may prove to be another illustration of the “horses-for-courses” theory. He wins easily when he is not hustled.

Self-Protection

THE recent murderous assault upon a Member of Parliament, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, from which, luckily, he was able to protect himself because he happens to “pack a punch” in his fists, suggests that others not so lucky might be well-advised to take heed of a recent warning and carry a heavy stick, since attacks such as this one have become unpleasantly frequent. A stick is excellent if properly used, and I would suggest that it is more efficacious if employed as a thrusting than as a cutting weapon. The cut is the longest way round. To use the point properly an elementary knowledge of how to handle the épée is most helpful. The lunge is not difficult to learn, the main principle of it being that the full weight of the body should be in a direct line behind the blade. A very good way is to practise in front of a looking-glass, for we can then see when our arm and body are out of the straight. It is very necessary that they should be in “line astern” formation for the full value to be obtained. A very few lessons from anyone who knows anything about épée fighting would teach us all that is necessary to know. An umbrella is an equally good weapon, provided it is strong enough. All other things apart, fencing is very good (a) for the digestion; (b) for the figure. Age in the pupil does not matter. He may never become a D’Artagnan, but he can learn how to protect himself without much trouble.

The Law is . . .

FROM the Times Law Reports: “Miss Graham was a woman of the highest character, and Mr. Slade (defendant’s counsel) had made it clear that he made no sort of imputation against her.” The charge was *only* that the plaintiff was a thief. She was awarded the munificent sum of £75 damages.



An East Yorkshire Field Force Unit in Hertfordshire

Back row: 2nd Lieut. M. W. Barnett, Lieut. F. W. Sharman, M. C., 2nd Lieut. T. H. Jackson, Lieuts. C. F. Allison, C. H. Gentry, A. W. Bisat, 2nd Lieuts. K. J. Beeby, A. Brearley. Centre row: 2nd Lieut. V. P. Scholes, Lieut. G. A. Johnson, 2nd Lieuts. J. H. Dandy, R. P. L. Estridge, W. C. Upson, J. M. Danby, R. Aske, B. Inman, R. T. Brown, C. H. Banks. Front row: Capt. J. A. Watkins, Lieut. J. N. Hogan, R.A.M.C., Capt. A. Swinburn, Major G. Davey, Capt. (Adj.) W. E. Norwell, the Commanding Officer, Major C. R. Roper, Major T. C. Adams, Rev. V. A. Price, Capt. C. E. Skinner, Capt. J. R. Y. Wilson



An R.A.M.C. Officers' Mess Somewhere In England; By "Mel"

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## A Boyhood at Home

MR. A. L. ROWSE'S *A Cornish Childhood* (Jonathan Cape; 12s. 6d.) gives an account of the growth of a young mind, and the flowering of an intense sensibility, in a strongly localised setting—a setting that did not once change until the author was seventeen. The village of Tregonissey, "half-way up the hillside to the north-east from the town of St. Austell to the china-clay uplands," the society of this village, its temperament, its traditions and its manners, are depicted with vividness and, one feels certain, truth. In this autobiography appear the qualities that have made Mr. Rowse so well known both as a historian and a poet. And there is not too much detachment: the Fellow of All Souls has not forgotten—can, in fact, re-experience—the intellectual hunger-pains, the imaginative frustrations and loneliness of the village child. Good autobiography differs from poetry in being emotion recollected in a still very imperfect tranquillity.

Mr. Rowse in the true sense honours his father and mother, their background and the class to which they belonged. At the same time, he is immensely impatient with attempts to idealise the working class. He holds—and I dare say rightly—that those members of the Left Wing middle-class intelligentsia who almost worship "the people" (or rather, their own idea of "the people") are without any real-life knowledge of "the people" at all. While poverty is in itself, as a state, neither shameful nor admirable, it tends to produce conditions that are dehumanising—actually, a sort of poverty of the spirit, as well as dullness of the imagination, from which individual lives, as well as domestic relationships, suffer. The narrowness of the working-class outlook, as well as of the working-class home, is, in Mr. Rowse's view (and he writes from knowledge), deplorable. The human spirit, like a plant, needs light and air—the light of culture, the air of a civil and easy tolerance—in which to flower. It is not that the case of the people is hopeless. Mr. Rowse is a Socialist—but a Socialist of a stern kind. He is without any facile optimism, and is, unlike some Socialists, anti-materialistic. No, the case of the people is not hopeless—but it is dangerous to hope too much of them too soon. The best one can do for the people at present is to understand them, as they are not yet capable of understanding themselves, and to work (as Mr. Rowse does) in their interest, by the light of an understanding that is only too rare.

Many Left Wing writers, in whom the understanding bred of close-up experience is lacking, will no doubt regard Mr. Rowse as an iconoclast. And against these ignoramuses he is bitter. I admire him for being so little bitter against the members of more

fortunate classes, whom he might feel had made poor use of inherited light and air. Many of his contemporaries have taken for granted the things for which he has had to struggle. Up to a point, perhaps, a struggle is salutary. But past that point it is hurtful; it puts too great a strain on the will, the nerves and the health. It is wrong that a child should have to grow up in constant, conscious resistance to its surroundings.

One might say that Mr. Rowse's case was exceptional. He was a brilliant and highly-strung child—in any surroundings, might not his adaptations to life have been difficult? But, on the other hand, he was by nature affectionate and communicative, eager to talk, anxious to know things, longing that his discoveries and enthusiasms should be shared. Ironically, he was that original child that many, many hopeful, well-to-do parents have tried to make out their quite dull offspring to be. In the well-to-do home, full of leisurely grown-up people, the small child who shows any sign of an idea is studied, drawn out, sometimes shown off. (Occasionally, in my view, this goes too far.) But in the working-class home there is, literally, no time for that sort of thing. The child who talks, or makes any demand, is a nuisance: the unusual child is rebuffed by his busy and weary elders, told to pipe down, to be off, to be out of the way—and so, relentlessly driven into himself. Can one wonder that unwilling solitude and rebellious silence breed a sort of hauteur?

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

"NEVER, never, never again!" By Richard King

How often one has said that to oneself and then, often within a comparatively short space of time, made the identical mistake! There is a chink in everybody's metaphorical armour, and it is a problem to be solved only by psychologists whether this chink sub-consciously becomes our master, or whether sub-consciously we invite it to do so. All I know is that happiness and peace through character depend entirely on its weakest link, so to speak. That is why the adage "Once bitten, twice shy" applies usually only to bites. In life we too often repeat our mistakes over and over again.

The trouble with temptation is that it so rarely looks like its predecessor. Or, perhaps, we refuse to see the resemblance until it is too late. In the face of desire we are all of us wishful thinkers. It should make us very charitable towards the lapses of others, but it rarely does. Our condemnation is usually in perfect ratio to our own fear. Therefore it is very difficult to say who is happy and who is not. Outward appearances are nothing to go by. The only thing which, it seems to me, approaches certainty is that the less one has of temperament, the more one has of inner-content. And it is that inner-content which so many of us miss.

Life may look as smooth and clear-cut as a new arterial road, but most of us can be depended upon to hack it up at the moment when we should be most

enjoying its sense of freedom from blind corners. We don't do it intentionally. Speaking symbolically, we are merely planting a few flowers. That's what indulging our weaknesses always looks like—a few flowers. Well, in the end we are far more often punished for our mistakes than we are for our sins. The consequences of making a fool of oneself can be far more dire than fourteen days in jail.

The trouble is, I suppose, that we grow up too late and grow old too soon. Usually, it takes almost the allotted span before a man knows himself; when knowledge is not much good to him and his associates are indifferent either way. We can all of us be relied upon to show rectitude where there is no temptation. And many a man believes he has conquered his weaknesses who has grown too old to indulge them.

That, perhaps, is why so many people become nicer as they grow older. If they don't, they are impervious to self-analysis and their mental and moral horizons have been incapable of expansion. They have been dreary from their first original utterance. They may have suffered, but they have never learnt. Most of us learn through secret suffering, even though we learn too late. All the same, how wise we shall be if only we can begin a Future Life where this one left off! Speaking personally, I never want to start again in all-innocence and all-self-ignorance. Do you? It would be just too appalling!



"Cammy" President of the Oxford Union

James Cameron Tudor, "Cammy" to all his friends and admirers, is the eldest son of Mr. Cameron Tudor, Deputy of the House of Assembly of Barbados. A tall, broad-shouldered West Indian, "Cammy," who is a Socialist, was elected President of the Union in contest with the Hon. Derek Mond, Lord Melchett's son; the vote went 92-60 in his favour. He is seen in Liddon Quad with the Rev. J. D. M. Stuart, Junior Dean of Keble College

## Consolations

YES, the spirit that runs through *A Cornish Childhood* is, decidedly, a haughty one. Partly, I think, this is an affair of heredity. Mr. Rowse appears to be almost purely Cornish on both sides—the only admixture being of French blood. To be Cornish is to be Celtic, and all Celts seem to exhibit a sort of aristocratic intransigence. They have natures that quickly and thunderously cloud over, and they are touchy in a way that the Anglo-Saxon finds incalculable. In his vivid portraits of his relations—parents, grandparents on both sides, uncles and aunts, Mr. Rowse seems to hint at the ingredients, racial or temperamental, that went to the making of his own personality. But, with these difficult temperaments (dulled, as he shows, on the surface by hard living) went, often, a sardonic sort of bravura, often a strange and contrary charm. Life behind the small Tregonissey shop—made over to Mr. Rowse, senior, a china-clay worker, by his uncle and aunt—may have been unsympathetic, but it was not sterile.

The boy found consolations through his own quick fancy, through reading, through growing delight in Nature. Mr. Rowse renders beautifully what one might call the cosy pleasures of home—the sound of heavy rain falling when one is snug indoors, the reassurance of sitting-room fire-light travelling through a glass pane into the downstairs bedroom where the boy lies hearing his sister

(Concluded on page 88)



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



## Lofts — Grenfell-Dexter

Captain Michael Henry Lofts, The Hertfordshire Regiment, son of the late A. K. Lofts and Mrs. Smith-Bosanquet, of Broxbournebury, Herts, married Alma Grenfell-Dexter, of 10, Portman Mansions, W., widow of Flying Officer Grenfell-Dexter, at the Savoy Chapel



## Cronyn — Harris

Lieut. Hugh V. Cronyn, R.N.V.R., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. V. F. Cronyn, of Victoria, B.C., Canada, and Jean Pamela Harris, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy M. Harris, of Stratton Wood, Beaconsfield, were married at St. Nicholas' Church, Chiswick



## Sibbering — Hamilton

George Sibbering, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. J. C. P. Sibbering, of Manleys, Broadhembury, Devon, and Vivien Hamilton, younger daughter of Sir Horace and Lady Hamilton, of 6, Southway, N.W., were married in London



## Newsom — Grant Duff

Noel Francis Newsom, only son of Dr. and Mrs. H. Newsom, of Heywood, Pill, Somerset, and Sheila Grant Duff, youngest daughter of the late Lieut. Colonel Adrian Grant Duff and of the Hon. Mrs. Grant Duff, were married in London



## Beryl Bouquet

Beryl M. Bouquet, second daughter of Councillor and Mrs. F. S. Bouquet, of Yelton Hotel, Hastings, is engaged to 2nd Lieut. N. A. Eccles, R.A., youngest son of the late Harry Eccles and Mrs. Eccles, of Oak Hill, Roby, Liverpool



## Brind — Walker

Major Peter Holmes Walter Brind, The Dorsetshire Regiment, younger son of General Sir John Brind, married Patricia Stewart Walker, elder daughter of Commander and Mrs. Stewart M. Walker, of Horsalls, Harrietsham, Kent, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



## Wilkins — Abdy Collins

George Trafford Wilkins, late The Queen's Royal Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Wilkins, of Sendhurst Grange, Send, Surrey, married Angela Betty Abdy Collins, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. Abdy Collins, of The Chantry, Saxmundham, Suffolk, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



## Bullivant — Ritson

Major Oltho M. Bullivant, The King's Own Hussars, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Bullivant, of Tunworth, Basingstoke, married Mrs. Penelope E. Ritson, widow of Major W. V. Ritson, and daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. F. W. Wormald, of Borsall Hall, York, at the Savoy Chapel



## Warrender — Fowler

Lieut. Harold John Warrender, R.N.V.R., younger son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender, Bt., and of Lady Maud Warrender, of 2, Holland Park, W., married Constance Elizabeth Fowler, of 1, Vicars Close, Chichester, at Cranleigh Church, Surrey

## CORRECTION.

Owing to a photographer's error, the captions under two wedding pictures—Debenham-Godber and Beacon-Haigh—published on this page in our issue of July 8th, have been transposed. We apologise for this mistake

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 73)

was among our diplomatic residue in Tokyo; Mr. Anthony Jeffries, a clerk in the House of Lords, whose sister is Lady Brownrigg, wife of the famous General; and, among people on leave, Sir Oliver Lodge's nephew, now in the R.A.F. One of the most popular Chelsea characters is Mr. Percy Gidney, "Percy" to most people, a member of the heavy rescue squad, who worked solidly through the blitz, giving no concessions to his distinguished grey hairs. He is soon going for a well-deserved week to a rest-home near Loughborough.

## Open-Air Market in Belgrave Square

LONDON is to have an open-air market, surely the first of its kind to take place in a West End square. It has been arranged by the Red Cross and St. John Ladies Executive Committee and will be open all day on Tuesday next, the 21st, from 11.30 in the morning. There are going to be side-shows, auctions and stalls where all manner of treasures will be found. Admission to the square will cost sixpence and there are to be light refreshments. Mrs. Winston Churchill and Lady Louis Mountbatten have promised to take charge of stalls. At other stalls Lady Ebbisham, Lady Coxon, Mrs. Howard Wyndham, Lady Levy, Mrs. Warren Pearl, Lady Hudson, Sophie Lady Hall, Lady Hamond-Graeme, Lady Chetwode, Lady Towle, Mrs. Simon Marks, Lady Kennedy and Nine Lady Granville will be found. Lady May, the Hon. Secretary, has already received some wonderful gifts for the market. Among them is a carved bear from the household of the late Tsar and a pinnace flag of H.M.S. Renown. If the weather should be unkind, the market will be held in Bathurst House, which Lord Bathurst has very kindly offered for the purpose.

## Superlative Concert

THERE was a very successful Sunday night concert at the Albert Hall in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. The London Symphony Orchestra was conducted by John Barbiroli, just before his return to America to conduct the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and Parry Jones was soloist.

The programme, of Berlioz, Delius, Handel, Stravinsky, and Tchaikowsky, was enthusiastically received, and after seven calls back, Barbiroli made a speech, in which he said that he would return for a similar occasion every year of the war, if wanted. He is a personal friend of Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, who spoke in the interval, and who, with Mrs. Alexander, occupied the Royal Box. Their guests in the box included Lady Swaythling, Lord Leathers, Admiral Binney, Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., and Lady Lucas, Admiral Beamish, M.P., and Flag-Lieut. and Mrs. Hardy.

## Welcome Home

PEOPLE are very pleased to see Lady Furness again. She is once more safely back in Egnand from Unoccupied France, after a nerve-racking journey through Spain and Portugal. There were five in her party: her daughter Patricia, the old butler from her villa at Cap Ferrat, her maid, and Mrs. Satterthwaite, well known at pre-war Riviera tennis tournaments. Patricia Cavendish is Lady Furness's seventeen-year-old daughter by her second husband. She is very keen to join the W.A.A.F.s. Her brother (heir to his uncle, Lord Waterpark) is at Eton, and Roderick Cameron, Lady Furness's elder son by her American husband, is in the States in the U.S. Army. Lady Furness is very busy rearranging her charming little house in Lees Place, which she hopes to live in as soon as possible.



## A Celebration Party at Hatchett's

A family party celebrated the award of the V.C. (Britain's highest honour for gallantry) and the D.S.C. to Lieut. Peter Roberts, R.N. With Petty Officer Thomas Gould (who was also awarded the V.C.) Lieut. Roberts removed two unexploded bombs from H.M. Submarine Thrasher. Photographed at supper with Lieut. Roberts and his wife (centre) are Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Senior

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 86)

play the piano. And the routine of the week brought round pleasures (at least, of escape) as well as many distasteful tasks. As Mr. Rowse indicates, there was one great merit about this way of life. His character was not interfered with. No one dug up the young plant to see how fast it grew. "Character-forming" efforts are confined to the leisured home and the expensive private, then public, school. The elementary school, then the secondary school, that Mr. Rowse attended were run (and not unsuccessfully) for the purpose of teaching, and nothing more. Outside the classroom the boy could follow his own bent. Personalities were not noticed, and were never discussed. Mr. Rowse observed, when he went to his Oxford, that his new friends there had what appeared to him an exaggerated interest in each other and other people. This seems to him to be, and no doubt is, a class trait. In the world (school as well as home) from which he had come, you took other people for granted, without much interest—unless you either hated or loved them particularly.

Lovers of Cornwall will, I imagine, be particularly attracted to this book, with its pictures of Cornish landscape and fascinating disclosures of Cornish lore. To such readers, Mr. Rowse's *Tudor Cornwall* must already be well known. It would be hard to part his story of growth from its setting. Taken as a story of growth (and difficult growth), *A Cornish Childhood* holds one from the first page to the last.

## Men of Kent

"DOVER HARBOUR" (Collins; 10s. 6d.) is a long novel, in which much happens, but little, I must say, palls. It has a bracing atmosphere and a stalwart set-up. Mr. Thomas Armstrong knows Kent, knows the Cinque Ports, knows history and knows his own characters. These Dover burgesses and their families are lively and four-square; the elders are vigorous; the younger people show charm. And children are obviously a forte of Mr. Armstrong's. One likes the impetuous Caroline Rochefort from the first moment, when she thrusts her whole fist into her infant mouth, then smiles.

The plot of the story fits into those years during which England, in a high state of resolution and tension, faced the threatening Napoleon across the Channel. The first chapter opens in 1789, the last closes in 1809. The crux of the plot—as the title implies—is the future of Dover Harbour. Is the harbour to be left to silt up, till Dover, like the rest of the once glorious Cinque Ports, dies? If not, there must be energy, resolution and expenditure that some too provident minds dread. The too provident (or too self-interested) mind is exemplified by Henry Rochefort, the banker—a rather haughty man of Huguenot extraction. The forces of light—and progress—are headed by John Fagg, pure man of Kent, downright person, shipowner and what is tactfully called "free trader"—i.e., master smuggler in a discreet way. What might have been a Montagu and Capulet feud is staved off, first by the friendship of the two wives, then by children's friendships and by two love-affairs—in one generation John's sister loves Henry's brother; in the next, Henry's daughter loves John's son.

There is plenty of movement, plenty of feeling; scenes that are cinematographic in their close-upness and briefness succeed one another at almost too great a rate. Some—such as the secret honeymoon in wintry Tenterden—are charming; some—the operation performed without anaesthetic, and in vain, on patient, beautiful Mrs. Rochefort—almost too painful; some—Caroline's sailing off in the dark to the Goodwins to warn her lover—satisfactorily exciting. . . . By Mr. Armstrong's showing, our magnificent, present-day Dover people had worthy ancestors. I love and always salute Kent, and I liked this book. Mr. Armstrong's style is decidedly not his strong point—it is cheerfully adequate, but sometimes a little trite.

## Not Angels, but Angels

IN the grave or the serious sense, this seems, where my page is concerned, to be Children's Week. Mrs. Sylvia Lynd's *English Children* (Collins; 4s. 6d.) is a distinguished, wise and more than charming addition to the "Britain in Pictures" series. Mrs. Lynd writes about English children: their characteristics, their relation to the rest of society—with an historical knowledge that is thorough, with a personal knowledge that is at once tender and detached. By an odd coincidence, Mrs. Lynd bears out Mr. Rowse's theory—that the happiness or unhappiness of a child is (perhaps unfairly) almost wholly conditioned by the time and by the nature of the society into which it happens to be born. She shows that two theories—counter to one another—ran, for centuries, through the English attitude towards children. One might aim to make them civilised little members of a graceful and humanistic society. Or, one might repress and chasten them as little vessels of original sin. On the whole, the first idea has prevailed with the upper classes since medieval times. The children of the poor either lived how they could or were exploited atrociously—especially in the Industrial Age. . . . Mrs. Lynd's writing is supported by as lovely and varied a set of illustrations (mostly in colour) as the "Britain in Pictures" series has yet produced.

## A Flag Flying

Do not miss *Belgium Unvanquished*, by Roger Motz (Lindsay Drummond; 6s.). Its author, a member of the Belgian Parliament, writes with the authority of very thorough knowledge, and with a temperance that must command one's respect. Briefly, this is the story of Belgian resistance under the German heel. The book could not be clearer, or, in its very restraint, more moving. Obviously, it is fully documented. The illustrations are striking.



# Haig



Obtainable also  
in small sizes

*No finer Whisky  
goes into any bottle...*

# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

## Stories from Everywhere

"DEAR, dear!" exclaimed the sympathetic visitor, "is your poor husband still in bed; then?"

"Well, yes," was the reply. "He's really quite all right, but when the doctor came two months ago he said James mustn't get up on any account until he said he could, and we rather think the doctor must have gone into the Army."

A JOB was advertised and one of the applicants described himself as "the best salesman in the world." So the firm decided to engage him, and they sent him out to sell a very special line.

He tried his very hardest, but failed to book a single order. At the end of the week, he went in to report.

"I've come to apologise," he said frankly. "I told you I was the best salesman in the world. Well, I'm only the second best. The best one is the fellow who sold you those goods I've been trying to get rid of."

THEY had had the car for quite a while, when suddenly she decided she wanted to drive, and asked her husband to teach her. During the first lesson she suddenly found herself in a jam, and lost her head.

"Tell me, quick," she cried. "what do I do now?"

"Just imagine, dear," said her husband, soothingly, "that I'm driving, and then you do what you'd say I should do."



"Women are all alike"

"Yes, each one is different"

THE woman was applying for a divorce. "Your lordship," she said, "he broke every dish in the house over my head and treated me cruelly."

"Did your husband apologise or express regret over his actions at the time?" asked the judge.

"No, your lordship, the ambulance took him away before he could speak to me."

AN official in the Boy Scout organisation was watching a number of youngsters labouring over the preparation of an al fresco meal. "Look here, you fellows," he said genially, "let me show you how to make a quick-cooking fire. When I was out in India I often went into the jungle, shot my food, skinned or plucked it, cooked it and ate it and was back in camp within the hour. That happened in the Himalayas."

Turning to one lad he said, "You've heard of the Himalayas, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, disconcertingly, "and of Ananias!"

THE following "schoolboy howler" is new to us:

"For all these acts of folly," wrote the schoolboy, "James II. must be held responsible. But then there happened something for which James could not be held responsible. His wife bore him a son."

A WORKMAN was called in to do some repairs to an A.R.P. warden's post, and before he started his labours he looked round for something to stand on. Spotting a rough wooden structure, he picked it up.

"Hi, what are you doing with that?" exclaimed the warden on duty.

"I'm only borrowing this soap-box to stand on. I won't hurt it."

"Soap-box be hanged! That's our chief warden's roll-top desk."

*The Need for Paper Continues.  
Don't Waste and Don't Hoard*

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**1/2 bottle 11/9**

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## CHARACTER IN THE MAKING

No—it's not just a substitute for the Continental Vermouth you cannot get now. It's authentic. It's wine with a character of its own. The distinctive palate of Votrix (sweet or dry) is the result of grapes ripened in the vineyards of Empire . . . and the skilful blending of an infusion of selected herbs and spices; a supreme art in itself. Because of this, Votrix takes its place amongst the world's best! It's true Vermouth . . . and it's *British*.

## VOTRIX VERMOUTH

is produced at the Vine Products vintery in Surrey, but owing to the unavoidable wartime restriction of supplies you may often find it difficult to obtain. Votrix "Dry," bottle size 6/9. Votrix "Sweet," bottle size 6/3.



The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export





Men's clothes by

**Drescott**

There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott clothes because of the limitation of supplies imposed by H.M. Government on all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

# The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke



"All the year round" is the slogan that Harrods, Knightsbridge, have adopted in their Fashion Sections: they contend that coupons yield the best value when garments of high quality are purchased. It is in the tailored suit department that the ensemble pictured on the right may be seen. It consists of a jacket and dress carried out in several shades which look well at all seasons of the year. The stripes on the revers form a connecting link between the dress and coat. The pleats on the skirt are in accordance with the Board of Trade Regulations. It is no exaggeration to state that the tailoring and cut are of a very high order of merit and so are the materials. There is a representative collection of tailored suits with felt hats to tone; shades are delightful and hats light

Never has there been a time when women have more keenly felt the need of a "slip-on frock," hence Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are making a feature of the same in their Tea Gown department: they are suitable for all occasions. To them must be given the credit for the dignified brocade hostess frock on the left. It can be made in many materials and is ideal for convalescents. As will be seen, it is cut on simple lines, all extravagant conceits being eliminated. Furthermore, there are pretty little wrappers in cotton and other fabrics which wash extremely well. For those who are thinking ahead there are warm affairs which are gilt-edge investments for coupons, as their life is well nigh unlimited





The times are grim—yet gay. And wherever natural gaiety and courage spring, you will find GALA—a tonic to a coupon wardrobe, an accessory to a last year's suit . . . Gala, so faithful and long-lasting, so vivid and brave . . . sometimes easy, sometimes hard to find . . . but always a symbol of hope and loveliness.

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P.S. Gala Refills (fit almost any case)  
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A Charming Jumper Dress in good quality print, a variety of original designs and several fittings. **7½ Gns.**

### WASHING FROCKS . . .

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### Military Myths

MILITARY defeats are often ascribed to picturesque causes, from fiddling to fox-hunting. Nero is the prototype of the mass-produced flâneurs of the 1940s. Just lately American commentators have been plugging the gay life as the prime reason for British military shortcomings. Singapore was shockingly represented as dancing and dining as the Japanese advanced; Cairo, with Rommel's forces bearing down upon it, was described as the world centre of riotous living and "boat trips" on the Nile.

It is sure-fire sensationalism, so set and stylised that the cables and commentaries could almost be turned out by mechanical means or recorded and filed for use directly a defeat looms ahead. They are effective because they enable those who read and hear them to indulge in the luxury of indignation—always a highly valued commodity in time of war. The Americans are able to curse the care-free British who dance as pieces get lopped off their Empire. There is the much-prized pathos, bathos and pure bunkum of the ironical "on with the dance" headline.

In the matter of the air war a good many surges of indignation have been wrung up at one time and another. There have been enraged comments about our bombing, our fighting, our coastal and reconnaissance work. Air Marshals have been represented as thinking of sport and supper-dances while Rome not only does not burn, but is not even visited by a single incendiary bomb.

There is, however, no good reason for the cultivation of gloom when things go wrong. Our cause would be no better served if we all stopped "dining and dancing" or if all music and song were forthwith prohibited. My belief is that gloom is in itself a form of debility. Acid criticism is one thing, but plain gloom is altogether another. That gaiety damages the war effort, either in the air or on the ground, is a myth.

### Dive Brakes

THE "umbrella" dive brakes on the new Dornier 217 look much too simple to be true. They consist of a sort of umbrella which opens at the extreme tail end of the fuselage and provides a parachute effect as the aircraft is being dived. In short, the scheme

# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

resembles that used for guarding against uncontrollable spins in experimental flying. A spin parachute can be ejected from the rear of the aircraft and this enables the machine to be levelled out.

The Junkers 88 dive brakes are under the wing and this is the conventional position. The Skua has them here and so do the various kinds of United States dive bombers.

It is difficult to guess whether the wing brake or the tail, umbrella brake, or both together will prevail; but I am positive that air brakes of some kind will eventually become a standard fitting on many types of military aircraft.

I have presented in these columns once before the reasons why I believe they would be useful not only to bombers, but also to fighters. What they do is to increase the pilot's speed control and all progress is towards improved control. They enable the pilot to retard his aircraft more rapidly than would otherwise be possible.

Modern machines have been increasing their speed range so markedly that the need for improving their powers of retardation is becoming established. Control does not consist only in acceleration any more than a banking account consists only of the paying in side.

### Chris. Staniland

IT came as a shock, even in these days of casualty lists, to read of the death in a flying accident of Flight-Lieutenant C. S. Staniland. I knew him well and always regarded him as among the half-dozen finest air pilots in the world. There was nobody else who could match the perfection of his flying technique when he was demonstrating an aeroplane—and that even when the aeroplane was not a particularly handy one.

He was just as good in a racing motor-car. For visual judgment; for getting round a corner faster than

anybody else; for perfect flying technique; for aerobatics such as made the hair of the spectator stand on end, there was nobody else in the same street as Chris. Staniland.

No details have been issued about his accident as I write, except that it occurred while he was engaged on his usual work of testing. I am told that he had opened the "lid" of the aircraft, but had failed to undo his Sutton harness.

Once before he had had trouble with an aircraft and had decided to bale out. The aircraft had developed a flat spin. He jumped, but was flung back into his seat and this happened twice—as he told me afterwards—before he finally managed to leap clear.

No cooler headed test pilot ever flew; no sounder adviser on the qualities of aircraft (and as I have spent some time in the same job myself I feel entitled to speak uncompromisingly on the matter) than Chris. Staniland.

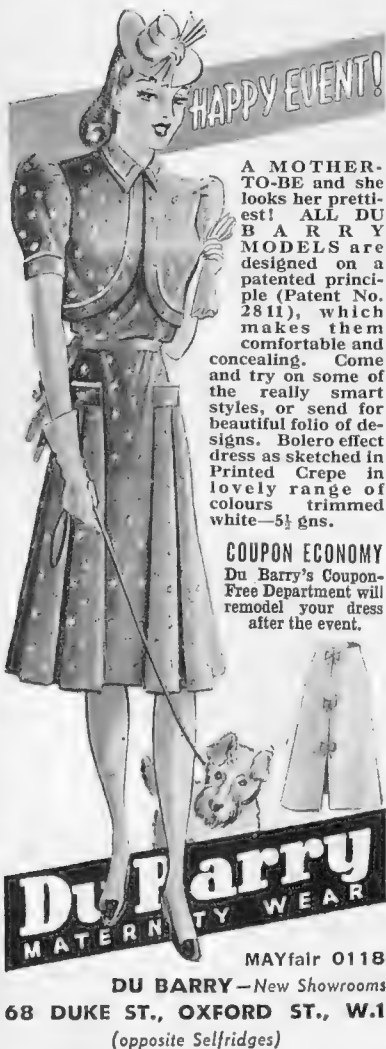
### Test

BRITAIN has produced many fine test pilots and the death of Staniland reminds us of what a lot we owe to them. At this time some of them have been visiting America and there they have helped greatly in giving our friends on the other side of the Atlantic an idea of what we think about aircraft and of what we imagine to be the best types suited to operations.

All the same I hope the Americans will not take too much notice of British views. The air war would go better for us if those who directed it had the benefit of new and fresh ideas. The Americans look on the whole thing differently from us. I do not say that we are not able to give them advice of value. But I do say that we can also learn much from them and that we ought to avoid insisting too much on our point of view.

After all in this war we have been proved to be wrong once or twice. Perhaps a fresh viewpoint might have a chance of succeeding in one or two directions in which we have hitherto failed.

I have so often been abused for expressing anti-American views, that I feel some notice may be taken of my remarks when I say that we must accept it that the Americans are going to teach us a lot about how best to wage air war and that we should avoid being too insistent upon them copying our operational ideas.



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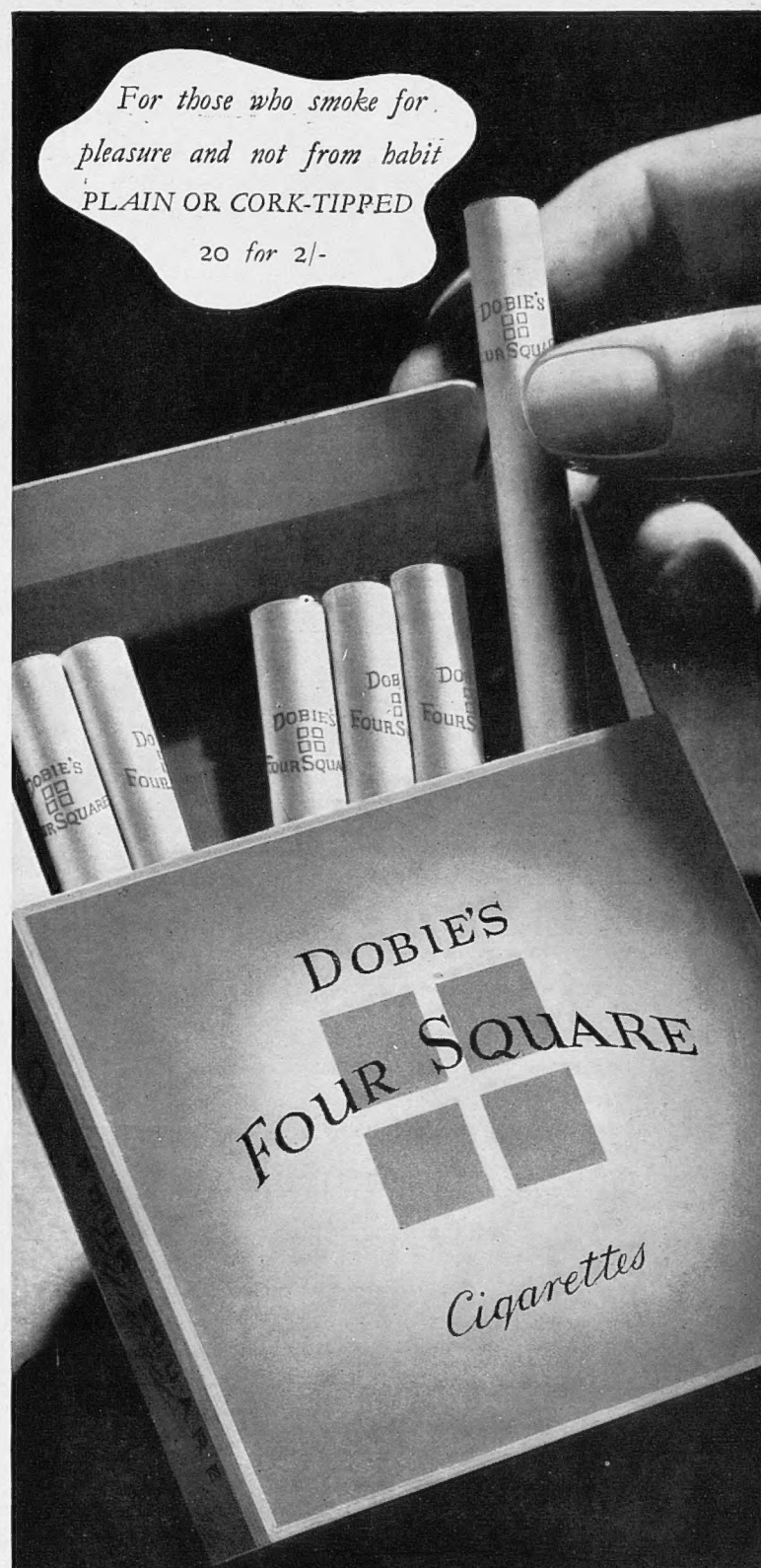
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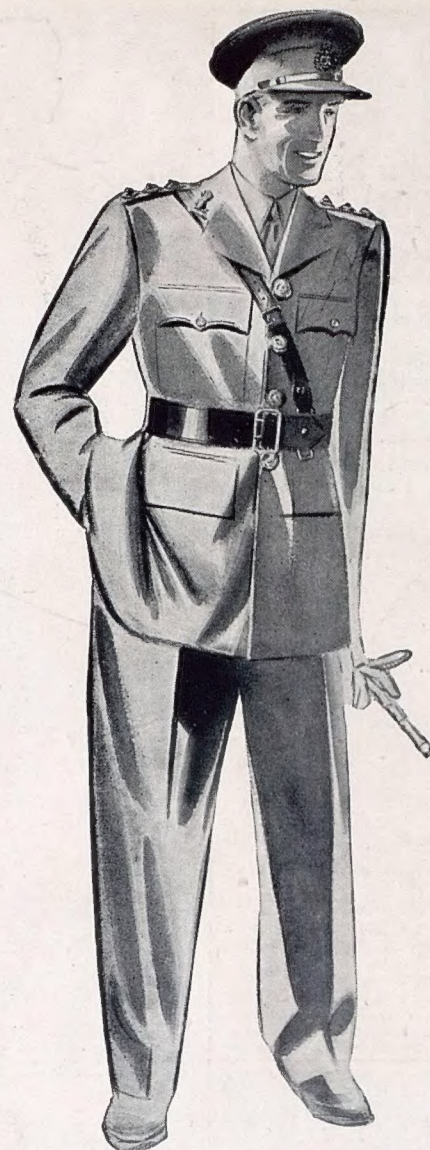
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